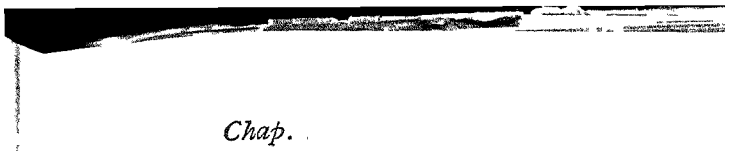

great Spirit as one's only companion, He, the Supreme Redeemer, sounds the bugle for retreat. He, the Master of the great household is opening the door of His divine Mansion and saying to us *I* come \ And when He directs this clarion call, not a call to annihilation but to eternal life, instead of lamenting over it, we should obey and follow, go to Him, not murmuring, and trembling but as his children who have finished His work and for whom He has no more present need here According to Plato, the endoi all philosophy **is** to teach us how to die serenely. If in our various objectives in life we could steadily keep this memorable saying in view, death would be shorn of its terrible fears and stunn'ng perplexities. We shall then be able to recognise God not as the terrific God, the appalling God, the God of Death, the God of dissolution, but as the redeeming God, the resuming God, the rejuvenating God, the eternally reliable God. Long have we in fa'thlessness thought of the soul as the bubble that bursts aid breaks up in no time;

"**but** we have seen from what ha 3 been stated in the previous chapters that being securely held in God's embrace, it cannot lail. Its failure would be God's own discomfiture, its vanishing into nothingness His privation. Though limited, bounded, circumscribed by time aid place, we are really even now enabled by moving events of life to rise to the wider and higher outlook transcending time and place. We should realise also the unmistakable fact that what truly counts, what really abides, is not deceptive change but the underlying permanence, that what truly constitutes the great v^ue and worth of our existence is that it cannot be told out by time **or** hedged in by place but that even now, even on this earth, living in Him, incorporated in Him, our real life partakes of the Everlasting.

Accordingly, our Rishis of the Upanishads, the saints and sages, the prophets and martyrs who adorned the world had habituated themselves to death even in this life by